

A Great Gun

By GRETCHEN GRAYDON

(Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague)

"Oh, yes! Billy has it again, and this time very bad," Mrs. Wheat said, nodding toward her son. "But you won't wonder at it when you hear the new sweetheart's name—Sarah-Susan—Miss Sarah-Susan Gunn."

Billy turned all colors. Connor, his chin jutting explosively and said as soon as he could speak: "Billy, I call that positively immoral! You had better be courting twins! How ever will you fix it? You may propose to Susan and be rejected or accepted by Sally. You may even be married wrong. Think, too, of being always a mere gunner's mate!"

"Shut up!" Billy interjected, his face scarlet, but grinning in spite of himself. "Wait till you've seen her at least. Mother makes fun of her names because she can't find fault with her any way else. And Sue isn't to blame. She didn't name herself or choose the family she had to be born in."

"No, but you do choose the family you marry into," Mrs. Wheat cooed. She was less than twenty years older than Billy and still a very pretty and very lively woman.

Connor thought her stunning. So did his Uncle Tim. Harking back suddenly in his mind to something a year old, he whistled aloud and asked abruptly: "Say, Mammy Wheat, is it the same way with Tim? Did you turn him down because you wouldn't be Mrs. O'Toole?"

It was mammy's turn to blush. The blush made her younger and prettier than ever. "Who says I had the chance to be Mrs. O'Toole?" she began, but stopped as both the youngsters crowded derision and unbelief.

"Tim was the worst ever," Connors decided dully; "couldn't eat or sleep; used to hang out of the windows all 'prom' week just to stare up the street toward where you were staying; in the greatest fidget, too, to get his place fixed up new. And then, after he'd walked about with you one teeny half hour, he quit—cut out everything except my allowance and scooted across the pond with just hair a steamer kit. Didn't say you don't know why, mammy! It won't do any good—not with us two. We know. He wanted—because you sent him. Poor old Tim! You have a heap on your conscience, mammy! How could you do it?"

"Don't you understand, Larry, dear?" mammy said, still blushing. "It was all on your account. I couldn't bear to disappoint you." Her eyes laughed, but Larry Connors saw under the laughter.

"If that was your game you went blind," he said. "Don't you see, Tim is so near the years of indiscretion—they begin at forty-five—he'll sure fall victim somewhere. You ought to have taken him, mammy. Then, indeed, my future would have been secure."

"Where is he? Have you heard from him lately?" mammy asked, her eyes suddenly downcast.

Larry shook his head. "He was tearing around toward the midnight sun—thought maybe the iceberg would remind him of you," he said. "But that was six months back—long enough for him to be buried or married."

"He always talked of Ireland"—mammy began, sighing faintly.

"But he didn't care for it unless you were there to see it with him," Larry interrupted. "I think I'll cable him to come back right away. Maybe he will be ready to sacrifice himself for your whim—carry off the adorable Gunn and so save Billy."

"I had rather—almost—she had Billy," mammy said inconsequently. "Tim is a dear, but—Hon. Mrs. Timothy O'Toole! Dear me, I could cry when I think of it! Why wasn't he born something else?"

"Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson," Larry commented.

Mrs. Wheat got up and walked quickly away.

Billy went to the window. Larry, staring after the vanishing lady, was amazed to see her head drop and her bosom swell. Clearly she was on the point of sobbing. He followed her softly and said as she flung herself on a couch: "Tell me, mammy! You're playing a game. What is it?"

"How did you guess?" mammy said, speaking very low, with her finger on her lip. "You mustn't ever let Billy guess it," she said. "He doesn't know about our money. It came to me from my uncle. He's the dearest, straitlaced soul. He thought second marriages sinful—spiritual bigamy, he called them. So I kept my fortune, which will be Billy's fortune, on condition of remaining always a widow. Now you see why I had to send Tim away."

"As if he cared for your money! And he'd never let Billy lose," Larry said exultantly. But he bent his head reverently to kiss mammy's hand as he added: "But, oh, you are a brick! You made up all this about the name to blind that blessed boy!"

"I had to—there wasn't anything else. Tim was such a gentleman," Mrs. Wheat said, smothering a sob. "You won't tell him, Larry, but all this teasing over his sweetheart's name is just to keep him from suspecting. I don't really oppose him although I think he is making a mistake. He has promised to wait a year—long enough to find it out for himself."

"What's wrong with her?" Larry asked.

"Everything, but mostly that she's too old and wise and hard," Mrs. Wheat said comprehensively. "I mean that she was born too old; actually they are but a month apart. She is much too

clever to care really for my dear, big, blundering, pretty boy, but she cares a whole lot for what he can give her. You ought to see her ering my pearls. I could forgive her a little if she had no pearls of her own. To be rich and grasping is so much worse than to yearn for what one never has had. I could break up the match tomorrow by letting her know I hold the purse strings, but that would lose me my boy, and he's everything."

"She shan't have him, and you shan't see him. Listen! I've got an idea," Larry said.

Mammy bent toward him, her brilliant eyes shining. They talked in whispers for two minutes, then Larry rushed away, headed for the telegraph office.

Exactly three weeks later Mammy Wheat, with Larry in attendance, went up to the city upon a steamer day. The pair got back late to Fernbrook and slipped into the hotel by the side entrance wholly unseen. But soon there was inscribed upon the register in Larry's most sprawling hand, "Mr. and Mrs. F. T. O'Toole-Merrion, Mount Merrion County Meath, Ireland." And underneath, in Greek letters, "They've found it."

"What's all that about?" Billy said, coming up and leaning over Larry's shoulder.

Larry held his hand in, saying, "Get your Gunn and come see." As he dragged Billy toward the main stairway he added: "Don't you get heart failure. You'll come out all right, if only you live through it."

Sarah-Susan, in wait for Billy, was easily carried along. As the three entered mammy's private parlor they saw her standing beside a tall, handsome fellow, baldish and grayish, to be sure, but roddy and with the happiest merry eyes. Shamelessly he put his arms around mammy, not even giving Billy a finger until he had said, "I had to have her, even if it meant changing my name and nation, son. Sure, she was no life without her. Wish me joy, lad of me new home and a wife in it."

"I do," Billy said heartily, wringing the tardy hand. Mammy detached herself from Tim and dung herself upon Billy's breast, half sobbing, half laughing out: "Wait, son, until you know! Are you willing to be poor to make me happy?"

"Sure," Billy said, giving her a hug. Sarah-Susan bridled. Larry, in his most innocent fashion began to explain. Before he had said fifty words she wheeled upon mammy:

"As you have begged your son, madam, for your whim, understand I refuse to countenance your duplicity. I agree with your late uncle. Such conduct is positively immoral."

As she spoke she had been stripping herself of Billy's ring, a simple affair of thready gold with a diamond spark on it. But she quite forgot the diamond's pendant at her throat, the circle of brilliants about her arm, not to name many more jewels resting upon her dressing table. Majestically she tossed the ring to Billy—poor crestfallen Billy, who stood at his mother's side.

But when Mrs. O'Toole-Merrion drew his head to her breast and patted it as she had done when he was three years old, he lifted it bravely and smiled up at her, saying: "It hurts, mammy, but I'm not going to cry. And I'm not going to starve either. Tim will see to that."

"Sure," Tim said, hugging his new son. Mammy and Larry considerably looked away.

Berlin's Economy Flats. In a good part of Berlin—that is, in one of the most desirable locations—one can get a flat for anything from \$20 to \$50 a month that could not be had in New York for less than \$150 if it could be found at all. I have such an apartment in mind, and it is only one among thousands in Berlin. It is on the third floor, and German fathouses are seldom more than four or six stories high. It does not lie in a straight, unbeautiful line along a narrow, dark hallway, but is built around a big square entrance that might be used for a reception room if it were needed. The rooms are enormous, and each has outside windows. The bathroom is as large as an ordinary "inside" bedroom, as we know bedrooms, and it is fitted up with every modern luxury conceivable, including a splendid shower. The kitchen is the nice to be true, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It is lined halfway up with beautiful blue and white tiles. It has a white tile floor, and its gas range is made of blue and white tile to match the walls. It has a blue and white tile refrigerator built in the wall, and there are rows of white porcelain jars upon white tile shelves to keep things in. It would be absolutely impossible for such a kitchen to be dirty.

Evolution of the Sword. During the first twelve centuries of the Christian era the sword varied little in the essential features from the lines of the broadsword. The blade was lengthened, it is true, and less curved, but the crosspieces of the hilt were usually straight, and the simple, workmanlike look was preserved.

The change to the elaborate hilts of several centuries later was made gradually. There were slight changes in the crosspieces from time to time—the stiff straight lines little by little began to curve gently toward the blade. The knob at the end of the handle, usually a simple disk or ball of metal, was varied into a trefoil; a fluting or a small Maltese cross. Blades and scabbards were engraved with inscriptions, a practice which had indeed been found in Danish barrows bearing unmistakable Runic characters cut in the bronze blades. The cross-hilted sword the crusaders carried on their plough errand to the Holy Land not infrequently displayed the sacred monogram either carved or inlaid.

D. WM. H. VAN GIESON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue,
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1:30 to 2, and 7 to 8 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 22.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
No. 22 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 524—Bloomfield.

D. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Offices and Residences:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 8 to 9:30 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M.
Telephone No. 1072—Bloomfield.

C. HAS. E. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

S. SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Commercial and Real Estate Law.
UNION BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
17 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

FREDERICK E. PILICH, Henry G. Pilich,
PILICH & PILICH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
22 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. E. Pilich, 78 Water Street, Newark.

H. ALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

C. CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD 4,
Prudential Building, 265 Bloomfield Avenue.

W. M. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE: 149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,
LAW OFFICES,
765 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOE D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK,
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge.

A. ALFRED B. VAN LIEW,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
UNION BUILDING, CLINTON STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 1832 Newark.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark.
Residence: 276 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

D. DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
21 Linden Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK
Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY

J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.
Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and
Gaps, and Gutter Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD: On GLENWOOD AVE.
Main D., L. & W. B. B. DIRECT.
RECOMMENDED ON THOMAS STREET.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

PACKARD
Means THOROUGH
IN EVERYTHING PERTAINING
TO BUSINESS EDUCATION.

There are many commercial schools. There is only one **PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL**. The school has been in operation since 1881. It is located in the middle of a spacious plot of land for 40 years. No possible risk is involved in selecting such a school.

The **PACKARD** graduate need not worry about a position. The school is looking for him. The school's Employment Service, in closest touch with the metropolitan business community, is free to all who have at any time been students. There is no **PACKARD** graduate waiting list.

Individual instruction. Enter at any time without disadvantage. Special students' commutation rates on all railway lines.

PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,
4th Ave. and 23d St., N. Y. Day and Evening

STEVENS SCHOOL

THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

OP

Stevens Institute of Technology,

RIVER STREET.

Between 5th and 6th Sts., Hoboken, N. J.

Reopens Sept. 17th, 1906.

Registration day for applicants for admission Wednesday, September 12th.

Examinations for admission on Thursday and Friday, September 13th and 14th.

Courses of study preparatory to University, College, Schools of Science, Law and Medicine.

The rate of tuition for all classes is \$150 per year, or \$50 per term.

For catalogue apply to the Principal.

CHARLES A. KEYLER,

General Furnishing.

Undertakers

and Embalmers.

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.

E. F. O'Neil,

PRACTICAL

HORSESHEARING,

All interfering, every thing, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principle. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horse called for and brought home with care.

426 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

August 10, 1906.

ESTATE OF PIERRE T. BETTS,

Deceased.

Presentment to the Order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executors to the estate of Pierre T. Betts, deceased, to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ANNIE E. BETTS, Proctor.

WILLIAM H. MCKEEHAN,

MUNN & GEORGE, Proctors.

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Near Plaza St., West of Broad St.

All dredges transferred to my door.

2.98

One out of 60

35.00 Parlor Suit, now

23.34

One out of 80

25.00 Bedroom Suit, now

14.00 Enamelled Bed, Brass Trimmed

12.00 Extension Table

IN ITS 47th YEAR

For nearly half a century this store has been before the public as an exponent of